THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

LOVE'S FISHES.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNICK.
BY ANNA FLEMING.

I.

The huntsman's roomy dwelling lies
Upon the mountain side.
His pretty daughter's cheek and eyes
Are famous far and wide.

II.

Down in the valley, low and still,
An old dam with Lindens tall,
Stands my father's well known mill
And little garden wall.

III.

The mountain stream with rushing sound
Pours down its foaming tide.
It turns our mill wheel round and round,
And brings us bills beside.

IV.

And on the bank, from day to day,
My fair ones sit and wash;
I sit and watch the dashing spray
That flows from her to me.

V.

The fishes round about me play,
I let them come and go;
My empty basket calls away,
My bait swings to and fro.

VI.

But, see! a fish comes floating by.
The fish I love so much!
A rose dropped from her window high.
She needs it down to me.

VII.

Such pretty things it spoke to me
Of hopes and fears and wishes;
She broke it from the bush for me,
Lovelorn of little flushes.

VIII.

So every day, day after day,
Our fishes reach the net,
And every day, day after day,
Love's fishes come to me.

IX.

A flower, a bud, a tuft of grass,
That sort of fish or that;
And then before my looking-glass,
I wish it in my hat.

X.

At dusk, beneath her window singing,
I go and stand awhile;
And soon away her sewing flinging,
She meets me with a smile

XI.

My mother says, "I idle grow,
For fishing I care naught."
Ah! ha! my mother does not know
The precious fish I've caught.

Original Tales.

THE LITTLE BOUND GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"Don't cry, Lucy. Sister Caroline is a naughty, proud girl, to speak in such a way to you. I am sure that you look just as well in that plain frock, as she does in her finery. And yet I cannot think it right of mamma, always to buy new dresses for Caroline, and make old ones do for me. Why? But you are really a great deal prettier than Caroline, for all; and I love you better, though she is my own sister, and you are only a bound girl. Caroline does not consider that if our father and mother had died, she might have been a bound girl, too, and it not because we are any better than you, that our parents live, and that your's are gone to heaven. Don't cry so, Lucy—I will always love you, and when I am a little more grown, I will work with me, and then you shall have nicer dresses than Caroline, and she shall never scold or insult you any more, and you shall not be obliged to do the dirty work then, either."

Poor little Lucy Carey turned her bony embrowned arms around the neck of her comforter, and in tears wet his cheek and neck, as she sobbed out—"Oh, George, dear George! I could not live, indeed I could not, if it were not for you. You are my poor, and to comfort me. I wish you were a man now, George. I would not mind the dirty work, he you would not scold me and call me names, when I did my very best I could. Oh, George, I am afraid I shall not live till you are a man. I feel so sick and tired sometimes."

"Do not speak so sorrowfully, dear Lucy," murmured the boy, kissing her pale face, wet with tears, "you must live for my sake. If you were dead, I should have nobody in the world to love. I cannot love Caroline—and indeed mamma is so hard to you, that I do not love her very much."

It was thus that the warm-hearted boy would console the poor orphaned stranger, who had been left, who received kindness from no other, loved him, as only one like her could love. Do you know how the heart burns, when all its tenderness are centered in the one dear object? When it has neither wealth, or friend, or joy, or hope, save in that only worshipped one? We read of deserted love amongst the daughters of affluence, of fair ladies pining away to death over a broken faith, in the midst of affectionate relatives and obsequious attendants in gorgeous habitations, and surrounded on all sides with the splendor of fashion and the luxuries of riches; but it is indeed to be doubted, that for every one of these, there are dozens amongst the poor, who go down to the early sepulchre, bearing the blight of crushed affections. For though some modern authors betray their utter ignorance of the human heart by supposing that pure, tender and exalted feelings belong only to that class of society who dwell in palaces, and wear purple and fine linen, still it is none the less an obvious and indisputable truth, that the loftiest, the deepest, the truest, the holy, and enduring affections are indigenous to our valleys, and are most frequently brought out in their greatest perfection, in the green pathways where nature, unsophisticated by the tinsels of fashion, or the falsehoods of society, loves. To her his departure was the sunset of all joy.

"I shall be so desolate," she added, "now that you are going, dear George, and I shall be quite lost in the yard—" I shall be so desolate, and no one to love me—no smile when I have done well."

"I shall love you, Lucy, as much as I do myself," said I know that you will always do right. You must always imagine that I am looking at you, and another while you will see me again. Oh, the time I shall spend again. And depend upon it, Lucy, you will be remembered by me, and I will come back to you, and then those words fell thrillingly on Lucy's ear, and her fond spirit treasured them as inestimable blessings; and often crept away from all other employments to muse upon them, in the most lonely, and dwelt upon their beauty and value, as the most dear his hoarded gold.

At last George had attained a new world, and before the first year of his novitiate had passed, he had acquired a new set of ideas, manners, and modes of expression. But his heart remained the same under its new habiliments. Lucy felt that he had improved, and her love acquired a feeling of worshipping humility. That he, the son and heir, the learned and genteely accomplished, should still love and cherish the poor bound girl. Oh, she would have laid her very soul at his feet, and joyed to see it perish in ministering to his happiness! And this, in woman's love. Did he so love her? Many a time he felt that he could not, for indeed then any other created being; but he began to mingle in the society of the city. He associated with gentlemen, and educated ladies; he was pleased with their exterior of gentle grace and fashionable elegance, and his unsophisticated heart knew not that the first is a mask, wrought by education, which frequently conceals the deformities of a radically bad temper and evil heart;—and the other is a veil for loathsome leprosy. Indeed there are few young women who may not appear beautiful through the adornments of wealth, taste, and fashion. I have often thought, as I listened to the rapturous admiration bestowed upon a full dressed and painted belle, whether, if the same lady were attired in a faded chemp calico, and perspiring over a wash tub, any person would ever dream of calling her beautiful. But there are women who are lovely, under every disadvantage; and beautiful in all circumstances of dress and employment; and such an one was Lucy Carey. Her beauty was of the person, and her gentleness of the heart. How did her cheek glow and her bosom throb as George said that, "O, Lucy! I left the city fellas entirely for you at your work, more beautiful and graceful than the richest of them in the dance or at the piano. And when I was too late to assist the plate to the sweet melody of your bird-like song." Such words were very sweet to Lucy—and caused her little frightening heart to settle still closer in his bosom. If any one had asked her if she expected to become his wife, the question would have startled her. She was so happy in the consciousness of possessing his exclusive affection, that she craved no higher happiness, and was content in his absence, ah, joyful in the anticipation of his stated visits.

Caroline Bell had married a dashing young physician from Boston, who had settled in the village, within a mile of which her father's farm lay. Caroline was one of the elite of the village, and her handsome house was furnished in the most elegant manner. Mrs. Bell was highly delighted that her daughter was so well established, and Lucy did sincerely rejoice in her good fortune. And she had reason to be grateful for the kind attention that Caroline left home, Mrs Bell seemed to discover all Lucy's good qualities, and became more affectionate toward her than she had ever been toward any creature. Lucy's grateful heart overflowed with affection toward her, and the same mother, by which she was early taught to address her, gushed up full of sweetness from her heart. And when Mr. Bell remained one evening after tea, to look in the weeping orphan, he little thought that he had brought home an angel, to make his house a little heaven—she left on her knees before the throne to be encircled her with his strong arm, declared that she would never murmur against the God who had made her so orphaned herself.

And did she forget her promise, when the blight fell on her heart flowers?

Original Tales.

It was May; all the world was full of bloom, and melody, and sweetness; and the spirit of love shed its most beautiful and heavenly power all. It seemed to spend a week amongst the blessed scenes of his childhood; and his parents smiled approvingly as he wandered through every thing, and made preparation for his reception and accommodation. He came. Never was a day of joy and gladness. And when the sun went down on the low, and the birds poured their richest song, and the very Heaven above was rosy with the flush of love, George and Lucy were sitting with clasped hands on the accustomed bench, under the old heavy blossomed apple tree. Mrs. Bell had been a little wearied that day, and had retired early, when she turned to her husband, whose eyes were fixed in the same direction, and said, with a smile, "I think, my dear, that Lucy Carey is the best head recommended as a seamstress. In this situation she continued until the gentleman, emboldened by his success in the former instance, ventured to solicit Miss Carey had couched his recommendation addressed her in a manner which obliged her to fly from his presence, and left the house for a way to the neighborhood where she died.

Lucy was sitting on the step after he was away poor Lucy—found him very ill, and much distracted.—took him home and affected to make much of him, for she knew that there was a reason for his repulsion. It is pleasant sometimes to meet again with a story that thrilled your bosom when you first perused it, as she did ours in our boyhood:

Much of the interest felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains arises from the feeling that on lands such as these the foot of the savage has seldom trod, and has never long tarried. So solem, from the pass of Thermopylæ to the heights of Morgarten have the hoary passed their years, as to be unpregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that a mountain land on which has been lavished by the creator all the sublimities of the circumambient, cannot then ever be conquered. Nature, in her loftiest moods, seems to scorn the presence of man, and to the old man denied having ever seen them, he supposed that she had been the victim of some internal grief.

Several years after, when the old man lay on his death bed, he made confession of his cruelty, and then with trembling hope, Mr. Carey traced his poor fugitive to her place of asylum in Hartford, but all was over. Tortured with pain, with remorse and painful imaginations, he still lived lonely and miserable in the midst of great wealth and all life's luxuries. His heart had been made to learn its own lesson, and the mingled emotions at finding his long lost child, and hearing the sufferings and death of the noble husband who had died to save her, he dwelt on with a strange and heart broken pleasure. He could not bear to look upon the spot where he had first seen her, and he could not endure to hear the name of Hartford mentioned in his presence. Of his own children he had but one left, and that one was a daughter, who had been left motherless in her infancy, and who, from the time when they should have arrived to womanhood, had been educated in a distant city, and whose movements they had received intelligence, and caused them ever to be watched by the kill passers, and suffering with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors, but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point, believing that the Norse would collect in the Southern country, where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable, for the defence of the remote and lofty frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Roden, a spot fated to be dangerous in the Swedes and since stressed with the frozen corpses of the brave of Charles and Gustavus, who perished there. Their company filled the low cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish side of the barrier, and every one was glad to see them. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norse of their approach and intercept them; but all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains, but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence coined from certainty of knowledge, and from countless interpolay, which could alone make them secure or willing guides to an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last old Sweyne Kuping, the keeper of the little inn where was the border land-guard, came forward, and with a modest air declared that he had once passed the hills in the days of his youth, and that he would be willing to guide them. Lindens had gone forth on a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Van Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it—To-day we must depend upon the hand entertainment of our host; but however, my brave men all, beware of deep beds of ale or mead. Sergeant Iser," pointing to the ragged peaks glittering in the moon, "remember that all who would sleep beyond those to-morrow, will need arm hands and true eyes. And a good morrow, Landsmen of the Keepe, who was the chief person of the hamlet.) And well that no sound of our coming reach those Norse sluggards. There may be some here, who for their country's sake would cross the hills this night with warning."

Then sat night by Mathelm's freedom!" cried the host. "here sits Ali Stavenger: he knows three hills better than his own hunting pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Ali, "surely I grieve to make an old friend a pioneer, but you must abide here in safe keeping till our men are well forward."

"I care not if I stay here to night and forever," replied the Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of the Northern youth, Ali Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful, lively faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksman speak then?" said the host.

"Ay," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but own another roof. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy."

"Then I will keep you company," said the chief, "wounded pride and slighted love may well make a man hate the land that has spurned them, were it his own a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing away, but little time was lost in preparing themselves for the night. Each man took from his knapsack a pair of snow shoes, and after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow paths of which skirt the mountains, and which cross the crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them, when it grew dark, by lighted torches, to be proceeded and used as he should alternately direct them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Ali could not help admiring the spirit, coolness and activity shown by the party in making the dangerous pass, and he felt increasingly drawn unto the leader, when he was only three or four years of age—whose only recollection of the matter was, that he could see nothing between them, though any of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Ali knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On this score were feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful clambering, they halted, at the close of day on the summit of a ridge they had just scaled, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long, sloping ridge down to the Norse valley, single file, and their guide, taking the lead of the column, kindled by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his command, laid an abundance on their way. He said, in a few words, that the descent would be a rapid one, and they must keep lightly and skillfully over the snow, lengthened by the track of their leaders, and keep their eyes fixed on the light their only hope of safety, conquest and ensnared.

What a change from the lonliness climbing and toilsome ascent! Each man endeavoring to be the first over the narrow slippery path, now in a long straight arrow-course of fire, now lost and then again seen in the turnings of the road. The very dangers of the Nexos, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were hailed as aids in the darkness, and welcomed by these brave men, who darted cautiously through the keen bracing night-breeze of the hills.

The descent became more and more abrupt, and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid, when, almost ere they were aware, they were upon the verge of the long light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying stars, with a cheerful and successful look. To encourage him, he cried, in a bold and cheerful tone, "Ho Landsmen! Ho brave Stavenger! The hills of the Keepers follow thee!" "Oh!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and gave renewed light and lightning unto the torches flew along in one unbroken straight stream of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, making the very hills tremble. The latter light dropped in the valley silence. The depth was so terrible that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the straking line, and their hearts died within them; there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside without leaping into the skies below.

All Stavenger shouldered at the death leap of those brave men over the edge of the rock. His head had been bowed in them in their last moments of joy together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers in their frank courage. But Ali was a Norse, and a true son of Norway. It is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his father land for ever; still, when he saw this band returning to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was detected, as we have seen, from crossing the path of the Swedes, and knowing the route that when Jarle returned, he would be able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He was only planning how he might do this, and when, while this warrening train followed his leading hand, "I told them that here they should save the long journey of the Keepers!—that here those who wanted with Sinclaw Harder would wish he had given his own life for his countrymen; and he knew and known over my land for a deed of war and wonder! I promised they should sleep on our side of the hills! Now will I work long all that I have sworn. 'Tis a pity for them, too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart iron—Eadlen and Norway."

All will remembered one pause, where a long, straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jut long far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve were needed, even by one well aware of all the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the mountain, and to avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of rock. He had fixed upon this spot for the death-leap; in fact the Swedes never could have passed it in safety without having before been fully apprised of the peril: and afterwards continued of its vicinity as they approached.

When he looked back, as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the heroic and bright hearted men who followed him were rushing. A wand from the nearest leftover caught him, he silenced to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn, but he had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers. With the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all her heart beat loudly and wildly, after the long blazing flame straight forward as a love, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which screened him from death.

His speed was slackened by turning, and for a second, he lell giddy and senseless; every nerve had been strained to the utmost extent, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He acknowledged to consciousness to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—cries and wild. for ever, and he listened with a cold thrill of awe and terror to the echoes of the death scream at the last of the Sky-Leapers.

A True Story.

AN INCIDENT.

FROM THE ALBANY JOURNAL.

Those persons who were present at the prayer meeting at Dr Welsh's Church on Friday evening last, will recollect that towards the close of the meeting, a young man, apparently a stranger, entered and took a seat with the assembly. Opportunity was given for exhortation from any of the stranger arose and remarked, that while he was waiting for the cars to leave for Massachusetts, he happened to be strolling by the way and hearing the voice of prayer, entered; and although a stranger, he always felt that he was among Christian brethren, and it was his privilege to worship with them in any manner. There was nothing very peculiar in his appearance or dress, and after further exercises, the object and the circumstance would probably soon have been forgotten. The waiter at this, intelligent and native prosperity, of being himself a native of Massachusetts, at the close of the meeting sought an interview with the stranger and that he should lead them, when it grew dark, by lighted torches, to be proceeded and used as he should alternately direct them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Ali could not help admiring the spirit, coolness and activity shown by the party in making the dangerous pass, and he felt increasingly drawn unto the leader, when he was only three or four years of age—whose only recollection of the matter was, that he could see nothing between them, though any of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Ali knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On this score were feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

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Beautiful Sketch.

IRISH HEARTS.

At this moment, when the sufferings of the Irish people engrosse so large a share of public sympathy, the following sketch of Irish character, may not be found uninteresting. To us it seems touching and truthful. The story inlike pretence the incident by stating that he found an Irish family of a husband, wife, and several children, on one of our lake steamers. They were in great destitution, and the beauty of the children was the theme for the admiration of all their fellow travellers. At the request of a lady passenger, who having no children of her own, was desirous of taking one of the little foisters and adopting it, the narrator addressed himself to the head of the family. We do not know the author of the sketch, and give it as we find it.

"Although," says the story teller, I had considerable doubts as to the results, I offered my services as a negotiator, and proceeded immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck I then opened the affair:

"You are very poor?"

His answer was characteristic—

"Poor, sir?" said he; "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world. God pity both or us, for we'll be about aiqual."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or another. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they die."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir?" he cried. "a relief to part from me child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? And relief indeed!—God be good to us, what do you mane—"

"You don't understand me," I replied; "will now, if were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he; "the heaven knows that I would willingly rut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but do tell us what you're driving at?"

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to one of his children, and was desirous of having it so it should be educated and finally settled comfortably in life.

His threw him into a fit of gratulation. He stratched his head and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching, at length he said:

"Which one, mother, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and have a talk with Mary —that's the mother of them, an it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children since her face, and she no know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half an hour he returned leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I enquired, "what success?"

"Rebel, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he, "but I've been talkin' to Mary; an' she says, sir's for the child's good, maybe the heaven's above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well, and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix an' I don't know, sir," and he run his eye dubiously over both. Here's little Norah—she's the eldest an' won't want her mother so much—but then—oh! bear an agree—it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least: so take the first that comes wid a blessin'. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah—turning back he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long hearty kiss from which sympathy fell for the infant; but, as he neither spoke nor moved his face, or whether any of his kinfired were in the land of the living, was a question he entirely ignored of his own name and age. He has, however, for many years, called himself, and been known by the name of Graham Yet.

It seems that the above account fell into the hands of an aged couple in the town of Ontario, in Central New York, who having had two of their children about the period mentioned, felt a peculiar interest in this case, and the poor masters of Ontario, in the fullness of their hearts opened a correspondence on the subject. The result of it, is, that the friends of Mr Veal, (who is poor) contributed the means, and sent for the child, who is now with its parents, and was on his return to Massachusetts when the writer saw him as above narrated.

His name was "Veal." The reasoned the mother can her long lost son, she fainted. But the cautious son, anxious to ascertain be a certainty that he had found his child upon whom he had long borne double, and the scene that followed may be better imagined than described. The parents, who had been childless for many years, pressed over the son that was found, and the fatted calf was indeed killed. The son, who supposed himself an orphan, received in fact his parents, even in their old age. He also ascertained that his real name was John Wilson, and his age about 34 years.

The above memorable are the ways of Providence!—At the time of the separation of the parents and children they were in a state of extreme poverty, and their was somewhat dissipated, and this was probably one cause of the calamity. The son has for several years been a highly respectable and pious member of the Baptist church. How was his heart rejoiced to find both his parents pious members of the same communion. He received a letter from his mother to his wife, the new daughter-in-law, which the son had. It was a most touching and affecting epistle from a mother, who after the fronts of nearly sixty winters had passed over, had again found new subjects of affection. The aged thinks that "the child is restoring to life from the sepulchre, is the restoration of the long lost daughter.

If any person be proper to state, that it is the case of Mr. Veal, of West, about Mr. Wilson, who is hereafter in pamphlet form, on account of his somewhat eventful and romantic history.

Albany, June 7, 1847.

WAR ON A GRAND SCALE.

The Chinese Repository gives an account of a war which has recently occurred between the two neighboring departments of Chang-Chae and Tseen-Chae, which we can scarcely credit, but which is said to have been actually waged, and 130,000 persons killed! The Chinese rather exult at this wholesale destruction of human life, in consequence of the density of the population—and because, they say, the removal of so many hundreds people will make room for a more quiet mode of reasoning, we suppose, in accordance with the teachings of Confucius, and which a being of another sphere, suddenly introduced among us would naturally suppose is not at all incompatible with those of our own.

A CHINESE EDEN.—A correspondent says he has made a bet of five dollars that a pound of feathers in of the same weight as a pound of gold, and requests us to decide. We cannpprove of all bets, and seldom sanction them by a decision, but in this amusing case we will say that our correspondent has lost, for a pound of feathers is four ounces heavier than a pound of gold; the former being always weighed by avoirdupois and the latter by troy weight.—*New Era.*

27 Napoleon describes his mother as a woman above losses, penitence, or fatigue, as enduring adversity—as the head of a man on the body of a woman.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For 10 or advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS:

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For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "THE FOURTH OF," a Splendid New Annual, for 1847.

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For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Fourth," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remittance, when at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers in the West and South-West are respectfully informed, that they probably will be visited by our agents in the course of one or two months, and we trust they will be prepared to settle with them.

E. Y. Jennings is going through Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin; T. Dent, through Missouri; James R. Smith and Thomas G. Smith, through Indiana; and C. W. James and Frederick P. Hawes, through Ohio.

Of course the above notice is not intended to prevent those of our subscribers in the above States, who may find it convenient to do so, by mail, from being so. On the contrary, we would much prefer their remitting us the amounts due us promptly, *as they would thereby save us the heavy per centage we have to pay our agents for the trouble and expense of collecting.*

THE MIRROR.

In our article upon "Mortis, or the Foundling," last week, we *cracked* the N. Y. Mirror a little, and as a natural consequence it throws out some very *perverse* and *crooked reflections* upon us. It says—

The vain reason for discontinuing the publication of the work (Mortis, or The Foundling,) by the Harpers in New York, was that which led to a law suit between the author and his publishers in Paris. The work didn't sell.

The "storm of public indignation" was a storm in a tea-pot; it never had any existence out of the imagination of the editor of the Post.

Our friend of the Mirror is welcome to his opinion—but such a story as that will do better to tell out in Michigan or down in Texas, than in either New York or Philadelphia. By the way, why did the Mirror take the trouble of altering the good old phrase "a tempest in a tea pot," to "a storm in a dip-basin?" We think the first quite as pretty, and more classical.

Having gone this far, the Mirror leaves the pure graph that originally preceded its, and "carries the war into Africa," by characterizing our article upon Charles Dickens, in which we philosophized a little upon "profession versus practice," as illustrated in the case of that distinguished novelist, who writes a great deal about the suffering condition of the English poor, and joins in no practical movement in their behalf, as "*a piece of immorality that is calculated to have a much worse effect upon the public mind than anything that Sue, Balzac, or Dubois, or Paul de Kock, has ever written.*" At this singular charge, however, we do not feel so much surprised upon consideration, as we did at first, for it is evident the Mirror means to imply that the works of "Sue, Balzac, Dubois, and Paul de Kock," are very harmless.

The Mirror also says—

What right has he to single out Dickens, and ask what use he puts his money to, more than any other Englishman?

It seems to us the Mirror is a little demented. What right! Why the right every public teacher has given him, by teaching publicly to contrast his professions with his practices. We have a right to single out Dickens or any other *public* character, and examine how far his actions are an incarnation of his thought. But there is no use in wasting argument upon so self-evident a proposition.

As to the question of the International Copyright Law, we expressed our opinions at length upon it some months ago, and there is no need of recapitulating them here, until there is more prospect than at present of the passage of such a Law by the American Congress.

In conclusion, we hope our friends of the Mirror will not get more at outs with us than possible. In fact, we like the Mirror, and in our brief allusion to its course in reference to Sue's novels, had no idea of stirring up "such a tempest—in—ink" its query libel be body. We generally pick it up the first among our exchanges, for despite its coarse touch of cant, founding the right to issue and spiritual truths, (which no man has a right to do when their promulgation will benefit his fellows,) with the right to things material and earthly, it is a very able and interesting paper.

"THE JACKSON MONUMENT

The Pictorial Monument at Washington, is to be erected on a beautiful plot of ground north of, and immediately fronting the President's house. The foundation is to consist of one solid block of rough stone, estimated to weigh at least *one thousand tons!* This can be procured in the vicinity of Georgetown, and delivered and put in place for $50,000.

Powers, the great American sculptor, and Mills, of South Carolina, have been requested to furnish designs, and state the peculiar kinds of bronze best calculated for the magnificent memorial, so that Congress may be applied to for the aid thereof, taken during the present war, to be thereto appropriated. Some stone must will be laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 15th of March next, the birthday of the General.

We expect to have a Monument of Washington, on Philadelphia, one of these days. The corner stone was planted with great ceremony many years ago, but grazing plans very shortly after, and smothered. It is supposed, however, that some wealthy citizens will die one of these days, and leave a rich legacy to "Fund" to commence it with but probably have a second grand celebration for not by little men to there all at, and then we may hope to see the corner stone begin to rise a little.

ANOTHER DINNER.

A handsome dinner was given in Glasgow on the 17th ult. by Sir James Campbell and others, in Captain Reid, of the ship *Mentor*, bearer of aid, in the shape of provisions, to the destitute poor of the Scottish highlands. The Council of the United States, Colonel Gardner, was one of the chief guests.

If this matter of giving dinners becomes general upon the arrival of a relief ship we shall begin to think these that offer, and those that accept them, cemented. Would it not be well to insert in the instructions of the American captains, that they must not accept such inappropriate testimonials of a starving people's gratitude?

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Engineers employed on this great work are actively engaged in their duties, and many miles of the road will soon be under contract. Baltimore, New York and Boston are wide awake; but Philadelphia, though slow to rouse, when she gets her Quaker stones once fairly up, will "go ahead." By the way, some persons avow their belief that even the census of 1850 will place Philadelphia at the head of the cities of the Union. If 1850 does not, 1860, if she does her duty, will.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta tells a most remarkable story of a child he has come across with telescopic eyes. The child can distinguish objects without the range of sight. In distinguishing objects without the range of sight. In distinguishing objects without the range of sight. story runs:

As I had a desire to test the accuracy of his sight by an observation on the condition of the planet Jupiter, one of my companions, who had a telescope, came to remain for the night. Soon after supper, I questioned him with regard to the planet Jupiter, and he described with the utmost precision a beautiful star, having remained a few minutes attentively viewing Jupiter and Saturn were to be seen favorably in majestic splendor, without a rival appeared the star of Saturn, with its different rings. Surprising with me a small telescope, of power sufficient to distinguish the moons of Jupiter, I drew the child's attention to this planet at the same time requesting him to inform me if he saw any small luminaries in its vicinity, and to state how they were situated with regard to the primary planet. At a moment he asserted that he saw "three balls like stars" in the direction where the planet, one on the right, and the other on the left hand." I then asked him if I could see them, and immediately placed before their apparent relative distance from the planet. I found that the power was more than I imagined, and that I should not see attempt a manipulation of them. I mentioned, however, that I could see the relative positions of the moons of Jupiter had materially changed, yet this could not be fully satisfactorily convinced me that his unassisted sight reached a far, or, at least, as my telescope.

The above story may all be very true, but as the world at the present day is marvellously given to lying—or to boasting, which is the same thing—we are afraid it will require incredulous for the present. If it be true, however, we would advise the boy to take attention to be especially turned to the study of astronomy—though how he is to study anything, with his inability to see objects close at hand, is a question. He might, however, overcome this difficulty by sitting down outside the house and placing his books, charts, &c., in the garret window.

Since writing the above we have met with the following communication in the United States Gazette, which is to the effect that the story had been gulled by the correspondent of the Gazette, we know nothing; having an extremely favorable opinion of the whole tribe of newspaper correspondents, &c., but no very particular acquaintance with them:

The wonderful account given by the correspondent of the N. O. Delta, "A B. F." of a child with Telescope powers of vision," proves that he has been completely humbugged or is endeavoring to play that game on the public for purposes intimated in his own letter. It is true that Saturn, Jupiter, and Jupiter, on or just prior to the 21st of May last was, soon after a very early supper, either before the moon rose or at the time it of the moon, and that the aid of tolerably good glasses; particularly most that have been in the case with the moon. Secondly, if this prodigy saw the moons of Jupiter one close to the planet, one on the right and the other on the left hand—he saw what has never yet been seen by any astronomer. Such an attempt as that must was done at that particular moment cutting fantastical capers to have travelled so far out of her accustomed orbit. Unless my oft repeated observations, and all that I have ever heard of this most delightful season of the moon-shine, the places of the orbits of all four of these moons are concentric and parallel, of course they never can be seen in the case with the naked eye. Thirdly, if this prodigy saw the moons of Jupiter one close to the planet, one on the right and the other on the left hand—he saw what has never yet been seen by any astronomer. Such an attempt as that must was done at that particular moment cutting fantastical capers to have travelled so far out of her accustomed orbit. Unless my oft repeated observations, and all that I have ever heard of this most delightful season of the moon-shine, the places of the orbits of all four of these moons are concentric and parallel, of course they never can be seen in the case with the naked eye. T. B. should have remembered his school boy astronomy a little better.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

Under the above head, the Chronicle of the city tells the following story —

"On inquiring the other day the circumstances of a family aid gentleman, in whose behalf some of our friends were told that he was *poor*, and supported himself by *keeping a school*, we found that he had, in his early manhood, been wealthy, but he married a wife who had no fortune, and he had invested her affections on another young man, who had nothing. When she died, he had no property to conveyed all her property to its fortunate son, on condition that he married the girl. He saw the union consummated and went to sea—but not contented man. We have seen that self gentlemen of no resources, for his policy of soul!"

We are not quite certain that we agree with out contemporary in all particulars upon the action in question, that is, if the account given above be "the truth, and the whole truth." It seems to us that there was something to be said on both sides of the question. Ah, such stories are the wrecks of natures that have grown old and rotten, and begins to cumber the earth. In their youth they were as fair as the others around, as they advanced in years, and increased in riches, they departed from the simple virtues of their early days, became selfish and sordid, and at last grew worse, until at last the great truck whose branches had overshadowed the earth, tottered and fell in some storm, and was found to be rotten to its core. Such timbs would have laughed to scorn. All these things prove that God judges the nations!

CONSUMPTION.

A London paper says that the Registration Returns prove that 140,000 people in England and Wales are always slowly dying from consumption; and that there is double the number of deaths among in-door than there is among out door labor ers; that this disease is more than twice as fatal more than among men; and that in 1839, out of 33 millinors who died in London, 10 died of consumption.

Between consumption and want of consumption, the British nation appears to be in a bad way. The latter is, however, to a great degree, the cause of the former. Millions would die of close rooms and bad air, were it not for the fact that one out of 33, of food could be obtained in any other way. But England is now reaping the bitter fruits of her false and selfish principles. She has acted as if can not buy brother's keeper," but the end will prove that he had better, even for his own comfort and safety, have acted as a sister and brother, and neglected the claims of brotherhood. Selfishness is not even good policy. God has so made the world that the more generous and liberal the spirit, the richer, violent, and of good report, is rewarded at last. More especially is this true of nations, for as they are but men, taken in the aggregate, those actions most inevitably be awarded to them in this present world.

CHURCHES AND MEMBERS.

Cist's Advertiser, in referring to the city of prosperation which has been raised by the friends of a certain Presbyterian clergyman, uses the follow ing very sensible language:

"Let me make a remark once for all, the fruit and end of close sectarian zeal, is to be found as a religious society persecuting one of its members is perfectly ridiculous. A church always overlooks the sins of its members decided by a majority vote, as long as it possibly can, and generally much longer than it ought."

Without any reference to the particular connection in which the above paragraph appears we feel an inclination to endorse it in the strongest terms beyond all consideration. Instance after instance has occurred, where sects have been blasted by a single act, or the views of the leaders of the sect leading members, and ministers particularly, long before the conduct of individuals with the church had been a stigma upon it in the eye of the world.

PUFFS AT TOBACCO.

The Presbyterian Synod of the Baptists and Presbyterians in Cincinnati, have had several practical lessons given them against the use of what is appropriately called "the weed." It was some time before the latter could obtain a Church to meet in—so fearful were the congregations of their being a Synod held there. Finally, however, a church would not wash out. While the Baptist Convention, being invited by Prof. Mitchell to visit the Observatory, unanimously resolved that it does not their tobacco at the feet of the hill." Putting aside all other objections to the use of this article, we think it peculiarly improper that it does not become members of the peaceable, clerical profession to have no scruples to do with "old soldiers."

CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The State of Massachusetts has appointed a very large and respectable delegation to attend the Convention on the subject of improving the navigation of the Western waters, to be held in Chicago next month. It is suggested that a delegation should also attend from Pennsylvania. The interests of the whole Union are concerned in this subject.

FANNY WRIGHT.

We see it stated that the celebrated Frances Wright Darusmont was, at late dates, lecturing in London; her subject, "The Mission of England considered with reference to the Civilization History of Modern Europe, and denouncement of the Dill culture of the hour. *Admission, two pence.*"

BECOMING ALARMED.

A writer in the June number of the Edinburgh Review, who is probably either very careful and timid old bachelor, or henpecked husband, is alarmed at the increase of population on the earth. He says:

"Allow us to put the question—What is to become of the world, if it goes on, as in the days of Noe, marrying and giving in marriage, for two centuries? Suppose that the present population of the United States, which is 17,000,000, should, in 1700, have doubled itself 8 times—it would be 136,000,000; and in 1800, 16 times—it would be 272,000,000. So if the whole surface of the earth, including rivers, lakes, swamps, and sandy deserts, contains 50,000,000 of square miles, or 32,000,000,000 of acres, there will then be less than one acre of land for each individual!

"Ah, well! What is to become of the world? And without seeking for 'recruits,' what will you do with your children?

We opine that the above is one of those questions to which, in the language of Sir Walter Scott, "Ingulfus knows not, and Croyland cares not." Should the world become overstocked with people, we suppose we shall all have to turn Shakers. But we think it will be a much more probable case that we shall have a bulge to the moon, or some more unpeopled planet, by that time, than that the society of Shakers will ever receive such a large addition of unwilling members.

NEW YORK FOPPERY.

At the complimentary dinner given in New York on the 10th inst., to the Hon. Henry Wheaton, the author of fare was provided in the usual style, in consequence, nine-tenth's of those present not understanding that language, great embarrassment ensued, and but few were disposed to call for. Here is a specimen of the bill of fare

Croustade, garnie de Riz, a la St. Cloud.
Tymbales de Riz, a la Victoria.
Timbales a la Reine, aux Huitres.
Bouchee a la Reine, aux Huitres.
Canvasback Duck, Currant Jelly.
Chaud Froid de Volaille, Gelee Panachee.
Aspic de Foies gras, a la Parisienne.
Mayonnaise de Supreme de Volaille.
Patte de Foie Gras, Croustades a la Gelee.

If Mr. Wheaton had been an eminent Frenchman, there would have been more sense in such a proceeding, as it might have been construed into a felicitous compliment to his nation, as being known above all others in the world in matters of taste; but, as it was, it was a most foolish and absurd display of ostentatious foppery. We are glad Mr. Johnson once said that he would not give an opponent the advantage of a stump or a loud word in an argument, for he would be sure to be defeated by it.

NEW EMIGRATION LAW.

The New York Sun gives the following synopsis of the law recently passed in that state in respect to emigrants:

Every captain of a vessel arriving from abroad or any other foreign port, shall report to the mayor, under oath, the names of every person or passenger, with the birth-place and description of each, whose destination is New York. The captain or owner of every vessel must pay into the City Treasury one dollar for every passenger, who is likely to become a public charge—he all afflicted or aidon a good bond must be given in the sum of $300 for each, to indemnify any city, town or county, in the State, on which they may become chargeable for ten years. The Commissioners of Emigrants for that little purpose are to receive annually a $25 for every passenger entitled to be reported, to be the payment of the captain of every vessel, a penalty of $200 for every passenger, if the commissioners shall not be duly reported, and shall be executed within three days after arrival, the vessel, her tackle, apparel and owners, to be held as bail, cases for the amount.

BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

The Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have adopted the two following resolutions:

1st. That the road should now be extended West, out of the Maryland line, to the Ohio River, to the State line and near the Clear River—pursuing the line of the Cumberland Valley Road.

2d. That under the authority granted by the City Council, a track of the road be laid to the south side of the Basin.

We understand that the point to which it is proposed to extend the road will take it near Cherry Grove, where it will cross the Ohio River, into Western Turnpike of Virginia to Parkersburg, and by the contemplated improvements of Clear River, will be placed in such a position as to command the improvements—and well, it is believed, enable it to be further extended to any point on the Ohio River or Lake, and to which it may be deemed advisable to go.

THE CAVE.

We take the following description of the cavern recently discovered in Monroe county, in this State, from a letter to the editor of the U. S. Gazette:

The cave is entered by a narrow opening, leading into a large hall, some thirty feet wide, thirty feet in length, and twenty feet in height. At the far end of this hall, a splendid rotunda is formed, arched with a clear and smooth surface of limestone, in a manner similar to the Capitol at Washington city. This beautiful arch rests upon a series of rock, splendidly variegated with spar, which, from the many round. One party being one of exploration, we determined upon seeing the cave as far as possible. Accordingly, procuring implements, we proceeded to the entrance, and, having lighted our torches and many candles, and our tall and labor ing guide having provided himself with a bag of meal, we entered a frightful chasm, which, for the most magnificent natural chamber I ever saw. It is about two hundred feet in length, and of a fine oval and receding precisely as the rotunda of Washington.

A NOBLE DEATH.

Major Law, a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, died recently from a lower caught by attending to the unfortunate foreigners who arrived in that city sent commended them to his humane exertions.

It is the faith of the Mahometans, that he who dies in the battle, as a work of rare merit, and religion, finds a sure footing over the bridge Al hurst, whose width is a hair, which leads into Paradise. And we can scarcely avoid cherishing a similar belief, that he who encounters death in his efforts to minister to the wants of the suffering and the afflicted, is caught up at once by the hand of angels, immediately into heaven.

THE SHIP FEVER.

The Medical Faculty of Baltimore have come to the conclusion that the ship fever is not contagious, is certainly the malady described by British medical writers as *typhus fever*, and that in its symptoms it is not distinguishable from that in its origin, &c., it differs in no particular from the fever which has prevailed in Baltimore for years. The fever which has prevailed in Baltimore for years. The are of opinion that the fever is communicated by transmission from one person to another.

TRIP TO NIAGARA.

We see that a party left for Niagara Falls from Philadelphia, yesterday, at fifty dollars. The fare from here to New York is $4; New York to Albany, *by rail*, $7.50; Albany to Buffalo, *by canal*, $5; to Rochester, $4; Buffalo, $2; Buffalo to the Falls, $1.50. Thus, the cost in all of transit there, is $24.50. To this you must add two days fare per day for board and lodging from the day you leave home until you return.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT.

We see it stated that a counterfeit $5 note on the Bank of Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently been issued in Pittsburg, which is said to be nearly a perfect counterfeit. We have seen a number of deceived good judges. While the notes are new, they may be detected by a small blur on the right hand side of the head of Liberty, but when they become a little worn, this will be but a poor test.

OLLA PODRIDA.

This is the name of a humorous sheet recently issued in Fayetteville, in this State. It purports to be a literal concatenation of "Jolly," who died not long since in New York. We are sorry to let it, for "Jolly" was a short lived. It is very difficult for the humorous race to last long, they seem to fairly tickle themselves to death in a few months. May Olla Podrida prove an exception.

GREAT SPEED.

A copy of the New York Journal of Commerce reached Vera Cruz twelve days after publication, which is thought the quickest transit on record between the two points. It was conveyed from that city by the steamship *New Orleans*.

A REPLY.

The editor of "The Literary Journal," published at Washington, Indiana, says, after requesting us to send him a missing number:

"Some person on the road must be accordingly fond of reading the Post, as we have not seen a copy of this paper in many months, notwithstanding its well known popularity."

We are glad to see that the "Journal" lays the blame to its proper source, for we are so careful at casualties in the mailing of our paper. As to the popularity of the Post, we think it will "do" with any other paper; it seems to confirm the opinion that a rogue is not necessarily a fool.

THE HUTCHINSONS.

The Boston Traveller has from a gentleman from New Hampshire, that an accident happened to two members of this family of singers, on Sunday last, as they were riding in the vicinity of their residence, in Milford, N. H. The carriage was upset, and Miss Hutchinson and the wife of one of the brothers were injured. The injury of the latter is said to be serious.

LOST CHILDREN.

Mr. Sawyer, of Ohio, late member of Congress, and one of his neighbors, have lost their sons, aged about 19 years. The little fellows had been out, at last dates, five days and still no tidings of them. Upwards of 1,000 persons are scouring the country for them. That the children may be recovered unhurt, is the involuntary prayer that rises in every person's heart.

THE PRESIDENT COMING.

The U. S. Gazette of last Tuesday, June 15th, says —

We understand from undoubted authorities that the President of the United States will positively leave Washington, on his Northern tour, on next Friday week.

Religious Words.

THE CHURCH AND THE WAR.

The General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, have taken up the subject of the war with Mexico. The following is its action upon it:

A. Whereas, the President has been offered by Rev. W. H Van Doran, in relation to the war in Mexico, a request that the Ministers and members of the churches of the Church to offer up incessant prayer to God for success upon the arms of the country. The people of her gentleman in offering the resolution was that they might offer a solemn protest against the unjust war.

Another gentleman was opposed to denouncing the war as unrighteous.

Rev. Dr. Knox thought the resolution was worded in such a manner as to be misunderstood. Before as it had been introduced, he would have it adopted with a little change.

Rev. Dr. Hasbrouck thought the wording of the resolution was unexceptionable, but he could not go in favor of the war, and the Rev. Mr. Van Doran, in his opinion, was not the proper person to present the resolution, which was unrighteous war. He should therefore move the indefinite postponement of the resolution, which was carried.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Old School Presbyterian Assembly at its recent session in Richmond:

Resolved, That in view of the present posture of our National affairs, the necessity of the war, and its *creatful* results, be it earnestly recommended to all our Churches to humble themselves before Almighty God, to confess their sins, to implore the aid of the people, and to engage in fervent and importunate prayer, that the counsels of the nation may be forgiven; that there may be a speedy and honorable termination of existing difficulties with other nations; and that we may be favored to enjoy, without interruption, the blessings of peace.

Resolved, That all pastors and all others preaching statedly, be requested to bring this subject before the people, at a specific and immediate time, on the second Sabbath in June, or as soon after as it may be convenient, and urge upon the people the duty pointed out in the foregoing resolution.

New Publications.

LIFE OF GENERAL TAYLOR. *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* The publishers announce that this work on General Taylor is here long will have so many lives of the same individual. This one, however, will contain a full length representation of a very long and much hugged old gentleman, besides which the publishers, have every reason to believe, can say truly the words "Rough and Ready"—implying, of course, that the work is a facsimile of the original. We are in receipt of the imagination we think the title page is less than $50 from the original, and, as a consequence, it is evident that such a short legged old gentleman could not be very ready, except by a species of locomotion which would be very ungraceful, however well it might be executed for a picture of Gen. Taylor, certain it is that he never rides on a horse. Other than a "somebody else," for the legs in them are much longer, and, perhaps, the next person we discern on the back of the old General has had, by gradually shortening his legs as he is increased in years—observing, in fact, that he has been in very long of "a long spell" in this way. But we have accepted so much space in this article that we must close it with the remark that the latter fact for the work itself. We may say, however, that the engraving is a good one, and we are contented with the various other lives we have seen, that the type is clear and the paper good, and that we judge the volume is a very cheap one. We recommend it for book, in which he expresses the hope that the war may soon be over, and that the country may be blessed with peace, but not only we, but our childrens' children, may be blessed to the end of time, repeat of the "The Last War."

HOWES AND HARVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT PHILOSOPHERS, POETS AND ORATORS OF ANTIQUITY. *New York. Harper & Brothers, For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* This is a book which ought to be universally read by the rising generation. It contains the lives of the most eminent men who have ever lived, and is written in a clear and attractive style. The publishers have not for a long time met with a work in which we have more interested in its publication, and we would seem to imply, a collection of dry notes upon the splendidly variegated with spar, which, from the many historical and learned of the British poets; but the author has done his work well, and has given us the most interesting details of their lives, and done give us the cream, as it were, of their biographies. No work published here we been in fact with the merits of the production of Mr. Howes, and we are glad to see that it is to meet henceforth a frequent circulation of style, commencing to an entire absurdity of meaning, which is the result of a want of taste. The work is a neat volume in beautifully got up, though we do not understand why the publishers have chosen the author should be departed from, and adhered to not. Thus we have Howes and Harvey, Harper and Brother, respectfully. We do not remember to have examined the new bangled spelling in any other of Harper & Brothers' books. We are not conservative enough to object to it, but we think it is not necessary, and that we can see no reason why we should not adhere to the old method of spelling. We have been able to get through the first two letters, and they give us rather a favorable for the rest, on account of the interesting character of the subject matter. The engraving is a good one, and the paper and typography is the publisher's usual excellence.

ASSOCIATION DISCUSSED; OR, THE SOCIALISM OF THE TRIBUNE EXAMINED. *By Horace Greeley and H. Raymond.* [Tribune.] "New York Tribune" and "Courier and Enquirer," both Whig papers, and published in New York City, have been engaged for some months past, the subject of Fourierism, or, more particularly, the Socialism of the Tribune. The latter paper, before or occasion the various letters pro and con which passed between the parties, and is well worthy the perusal of all who are interested in this most important question. We had intended not to notice the publication by Harper & Brothers, but on a further examination find that we might express our opinion upon the conduct of the Tribune in the matter. We have no opinion to be heard in favor of Socialism, miracles and Fourierism, but we do not think that the Tribune has been fair to its opponents. We are not a believer in Socialism in general, and have no sympathy with its principles, but we have fair play—and can better extend it to others than we can to ourselves. Now, we think the Tribune has not been fair to the Courier and Enquirer, in not publishing the letters addressed to it by the latter paper, and which were published in the Courier and Enquirer. Had the Tribune done so, it would have been more fair to its opponents, and would have left the public to judge between the two papers. We have not time to examine the matter, but we think that the Tribune has not been fair to the Courier and Enquirer, and that the latter paper has been treated with unfairness. We have not time to examine the matter, but we think that the Tribune has not been fair to the Courier and Enquirer, and that the latter paper has been treated with unfairness.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

ADVANCE UPON MEXICO—MURDER OF COL. HOOPER—SANTA ANNA'S RESIGNATION — WASTE OF GOVERNMENT STORES

The following is a summary of the latest news received from the seat of war. The dates from Vera Cruz are to the 1st inst., and from the Rescue to the 4th:

General Cadwalader, with a portion of his command, had arrived at Vera Cruz, and the rest were daily expected.

Guerrilla parties had laid waste all the ranchesos in the vicinity of the capital.

General Patterson, with a portion of his command, had arrived at Puebla on the 30th. It was not positively known what this South movement meant, but the general supposition was that he would advance upon the Capital with his present force.

The American army was generally expected to be at the Capital by the 15th of the present month.

And but a slight resistance was anticipated.

Santa Anna had commenced the fortification of Guadalupe in person, and ordered all those men, races at Mejaratinga, near the suburbs, but this was considered simply a blind. The main defence was located. It was believed that it would be accepted.

Gen. Scott had left Jalapa at the head of six thousand troops, and was expected to reach Puebla on the 10

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Chicago, Illinois, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Mr. James is also our Travelling Agent for Chicago, Quincy, Alton, Cairo, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Wheeling, Pittsburgh and West Virginia.

JOHN HUNT, Esq., is our Travelling Agent for Mr. HUNT will collect accounts and receive subscriptions for the Saturday Post in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa.

Mr. HENRY H. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS HETHERINGTON is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Texas.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Orleans.

CHAS. S. RUSSELL will receive subscriptions and subscriptions for the paper in the State of New York.

Local Intelligence.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE PRESERVER.

A discovery has been made in this city, by which at a very trifling cost, all kinds of food, subject to decay, can be preserved, so as to retain their original flavor, from six to twelve months. We take the following description of it from the United States Gazette:—

The invention bears the title of "Kephart's Patent Fruit and Vegetable Preserver," and Messrs. Flack, Thompson & Rue, of this city, are the owners, and are prepared to dispose of the patent right for the Commercial States, and a store of a few of the United States.

Messrs. F. T. & Rue have an establishment of this kind on the Schuylkill, above Coates's street bridge, capable of packing from 500 to 1000 barrels and bushels of fruit. They have had it in operation for about twelve months, and in that time have tried nearly every description with almost every article of food, and have not failed in preserving them from decay in any single instance.

We visited the "Preserver" last week, in company with Mr. Thompson, and were highly gratified with the arrangements and simplicity of the invention. Ice sufficient to last for a year, is deposited in an ice-house, above the fruit room, in the winter season, and is then pounded and stowed at a cost of about one hundred dollars. This is the only expense attending the undertaking at this time except for a whole year. The fruit room, which is under ground, is protected from the effects of the atmos phere and temperature in a floor of ice, which prevents the atmosphere below to be chilled by the effects of the heat above, and the moisture of water into its room. The water is carried off in drains under the house, and passes down between the ice and the lining of the stone-room. The temperature of the stone-room is always kept below 40 degrees, and to this even temperature the whole effect upon the articles deposited is owing.

Mr. Thompson remarked on that eggs and butter would keep in a perfect state of preservation in the temperature for six months. A new apples from one of a kind which seldom keep longer than a week or two, would be taken from the orchard in the fall, and now retain all the crispness, flavor, and juice, which they had when plucked from the tree. This we can testify to from personal trial of the same.

Oranges, lemons, potatoes, flowers, and several other articles were shown to us, which exhibited the same effects, and we came away satisfied that the Patent Preserver was all it was represented to be, and was destined to work a great change in the economy department for the winter season.

This is a most excellent thing for a good business for any one disposed to enter into it, and one which, properly conducted, must meet with success. There is no difficulty in learning—the article to be preserved, and the time it is kept in the state in its original package; no change being necessary. The atmospheres does all the labor, and the attention when wanted, has only to be taken out as from a regular shop window.

To those persons who give, and go to, parties, &c., in the proper season, this discovery will certainly be a great one. Instead of the winter's confection, the table graced with watermelons, berries pears, peaches, &c., all the choice summer fruits in the preserves of which, of course, must meet with the fine aroma about which there cannot be a question.

SCHOOL FOR SCHEMING.

The above is the title of a book which has recently been introduced at Peale's Museum. We think very highly of it. The moral of the play is expressed in the following quotation from its last act, and we commend it to the careful perusal of all:

"There's but one honest road to fortune, that is the long highway of labor—your short cuts to wealth are all over Newgate Common."

The following extract also, contains a truth, which if well to display before the fashionable society of a great city:

"Who can recognize happiness from pleasure when they are apart?"

"Any one—if your pig draws on your purse or on your person; and if a jaded life, at forty years of age, set admiration and envy, if it dwell in golden rooms, and lives by night, if it must be sought, and seems to elude you, if it is always new, if it be elusive and not its master, then it is pleasure, but if you meet it at the fireside, if you know it when it is ever quick to lend but never borrow, if it thus the world's gain to and unregarded, if it comes when bearts of its mate, and seem to seek you in every smile you meet, if it be at your beck, if it be constant and unwearying as a mother's love—then, believe me, it is happiness."

THE VIENNOISE DANCERS.

We stopped in the Walnut street entry of the dancers, for the first time, one evening last week, and we are free to acknowledge that we were rather disappointed. They by no means came up to the idea which we had been led to form of them by the encomiums of certain of the Boston papers. Forty-eight children, not remarkably pretty, some of them, but dressed prettily and with an eye to effect, admirably trained to move together with perfect regularity and accuracy, and to dance prettily right, and well worth seeing. But the enthusiasm manifested in Boston, and to some extent in New York, and which was, we thought then, senseless. In this city, where theatrical as well as other merit is perhaps more calmly and lastly judged than in any other, the Viennoise dancers have received their just meed of applause and nothing more.

BREAD.

Bread is said to be as dear in this city as in London. Our bakers first reduced the size of the loaves which was done when they were increased, to keep them any smaller, and then held a meeting and raised the prices. The bakers must not presume too much upon their being necessary to the people to do as they would be done by." Bread of right ought to be sold by the pound, and it is time a law was passed regulating this matter.

LARGE FEE.

In the case of Gen. Leslie Combs vs the Bank of Kentucky, the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff of $15,000. That verdict is not remarkable that this was an action for the value of legal services rendered the defendants in their suit against the Nicholas Bank. Gen. Combs was employed, and saved very valuable service to entitle him to a fee of that amount.

WHAT'S A NAME?—In our Criminal Court, on last Saturday, Andrew Jackson McKean was sentenced to three years in the Eastern Penitentiary for robbing the store of Mr. Andrew Jackson Baker in Market street. Andrew Jackson, colored, was also sent to the Penitentiary for two years, for receiving stolen goods.

DEATH OF HEALTH.—The mother of deaths during the last week in this city were 148—of adults and 85 children.

Items of News.

DEATH SUDDEN.—A letter from Washington, of June 8th, states that there was quite an excitement at the State Department, on account of several revelations that should have been kept under the strictest seal of confidence. We opine the allusion is to the sudden determination to send the Princeton in search of pirates to the Mediterranean.—*Baltimore Sun.*

CHILDREN'S TASTE.—Our countryman, Mr. Catlin, has procured an order from Louis Philippe, to paint twenty-five large paintings for Versailles, from the designs he submitted to him of the travels of La Salle in the Mississippi, in Lawrence, and the great lakes of North America.

HOGS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Genesee see Farmer says that "the hog crop in the United States, this past year, is three times the worth of the cotton crop. The 'standing army' of swine consumes annually two hundred millions of bushels of corn."

RELIEF FOR IRELAND.—The ladies at Wetumka, Ala., held a fair for the poor of Ireland, and collected $504.

AN IMPROVEMENT.—The Capitol, at Washington, has been undergoing some improvements of late. A gas burner, invented by Mr. Crutchfield, six feet in diameter and six feet high, fitted with superthirty silver plate glass reflectors, and surmounted with a golden metal ball, is to be placed on a mast, one hundred feet high, on the top of the dome. It is thought that the light will produce a fine effect.

THE RECEPTION OF THE TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS.—The First Tennessee Volunteers returned to Nashville last week. All business was suspended during the reception, and the people turned out en masse, and escorted them from the boat to the market house

THE TREDEGAR HANDS.—The men in these works, at Richmond, Virginia, have had a reconciliation with their employer, and gone to work again. The only cause of difficulty, it is said, was to working *side by side* with slaves.

LAKE AT LEON.—A correspondent of the Montreal Herald gives a glowing account of three steamboat ships, bound for Quebec from England and Ireland, and states that several hundred human beings had been landed weekly.

ON A STRIKE.—The miners in the vicinity of Cumberland, Md., in the employ of the Mount Savage Company, have been on a strike for some days past, in consequence of not receiving their regular pay.

ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.—The Second Regiment of Volunteers, for which a requisition was made upon Illinois, on the 20th ultimo, is already full, and will be ready for the field in a few days.

SUICIDE.—The editor of the Illinois Herald says that he published a letter from a suicide, with a "religious paper" on the outside of the wrapper, to keep the P. M.'s from stealing it.

A CONTRACT FOR THE NAVY.—The Virginia woollen and cotton factory of Richmond, has obtained the contract for supplying the navy with cloths for the year.

ASSASSINATED A CLERGYMAN.—Ferdinand Vennett was compelled to pay one thousand and fifty dollars at 86, Lenin, for an assault on John H. Linn, an Episcopal clergyman.

EARLY IN THE FIELD.—The Augusta (Geo.) Sentinel acknowledges the receipt of a very fine specimen of rolls and biscuit made from wheat from this city.

CROPS IN TENNESSEE.—We learn from the Nashville Courier, that since the recent rains, the crops of grain and cotton in that State look very promising.

The World Abroad.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

MARRIAGE LAWS.—Mr. Stuart Wortley moved, May, 14, for a Commission, to inquire into the operation of the marriage laws in England and her colonies, and to report to the prohibited degrees of affinity, which was ordered. He stated, that from recent investigations it had been found, that 1,500 marriages had been contracted with the sisters of deceased wives, including the cases of 5 marpes, 70 stepdaughters, and 30 clergymen. Foster estimated 6,000 persons had been married since 1835, and probably 30,000, including children. Men of the highest family and station went abroad to be married, because the laws were different. Sir R. Inglis agreed, that as two brothers could not, under the Levitical law, marry one woman, the inference was that two sisters could not marry one man.

ENGLAND AND THE POPE.—On a question for introducing into the House of Commons a bill to confer on authority of the Pope to send an ambassador to Rome, Lord John Russell thought it then inexpedient, but said, "I have seen, with very great pleasure, that conduct which the present Pope has pursued.—(cheers from both sides of the House.)—and I think it will tend much to increase the happiness of the people of this country." He was heartily in saying that I think it would be desirable that three more formal relations should be established between this country and Rome." A motion in favor of the law and of policy in point of law exceedingly interesting, and in point of policy one that is likely to give considerable trouble.

IRISH WARMINGS.—The Manchester examiner states, with reference to the manufacturing districts, that the number of failures during June, 407 short time and 95 closed. Of the workmen, 77,000 have constant employ, 84,000 get work a part of the week, and 38,000 work full time. Corn was no part part of any immediate improvement.

RAIL TRACK.—The baby trade has been opened in the London market, and the whole fancy city is greatly contained the following advertisement:

To Ladies Without Children and Others—A very young female, a distant relative, of the years of age, without parents, requires a permanent home where she would be adopted and brought up with kindness and motherly affection. Anyone, with the inclination of adopt, &c., Post Office, times Russell street. Terms expected about £10 10s."

On this, the London Athenæum remarks

"The Rail Road Mania, which has been called into the law of competition, we may look shortly to read of very promising little boys purchasable at the same as Negroes used to be in the days of Jacob's brets—on a reduced scale at prices."

TURKISH DEFICIT.—There is not a legal trader in England, and the Batings could not some time ago raise money upon silver bullion to the amount of £60,000, and another £60,000 more would be could get paper, with their endorsement, discounted by the Bank!

TASTE OF HUMAN TASTE.—The English have discovered a new object for importation. The natives of Australia have magnificent teeth, which they are willing to part with for mere trifles, or handkerchiefs, knives, or other things of like value. An English merchant in Australia has entered largely into this speculation, having sent several barrels of human teeth to London, where they have been eagerly bought up by the dentists.

FARMING AS A SCIENCE.—The leading article of the London Agricultural Gazette, May 1, is on the employment of steam in farming, to which the editors are unreservedly considering it a more desirable power and Boulogne Pig Metal; $16@17 for No 2, and $18@19 for No 1. The imports of Pig Iron into Liverpool from at $50@76 per ton. Rolled Bar iron sells at $70@ 77.50 per ton, and Boiler Plates at at to 7½c per lb as to size.

LATER.—Further sales of Eastern at $1,787 per M. Sales of Western at $1,750@1,775 per M. Sales of Rye at $1,150 per M. Sales of Corn at 1,000 bushels, chiefly Southern, at 1,000 bushels, chiefly Southern, at 1,000 bushels, chiefly Southern,

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

LOVE AND FAME.

BY HELEN W. IRVING.

It had pressed in all its grandeur, that unyielding censure of shame,
Had paid in purely silence to each fair expectant flower,
And, while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the wave,
Close folded in a rose-bud's heart, one tiny rain-drop grave.

Throughout each lowered petal had the heaven brought holiness pure,
They had weighed, dew and fragrance, till their very souls were one;
The bud, in love to perfume breathed, till its pure and
Grew glowing as the life hue of the lips it tenderly pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride and fair,
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell for ever there,
While ever heeding wakefully, the bud a fond watch kept,
For fear the evasive zephyrs might steal him as he slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds in burnished armor bright,
The morning sun came proudly, in the glory of his might,
And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of power,
And shed the splendor of his smile on lake and vine and flower.

Then, pouring through the shadowy leaves, the rain-drop smirked on high,
A many-hued triumphant arch spun all the eastern sky—
He saw for glittering comrades all wing their joyous flight,
And mused, a glorious brotherhood, to form that bow of light.

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me join them, love!
I'll set thy beauty's impress on you bright arch above,
And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to kiss fair, "Twill deem my own dear rose-bud's tint, the loveliest color there!"

The gentle bud released her clasp—swift as a thought he flew,
And brightly 'mid that glorious band he soon was glowing, too—
All quivering with delight to feel, that she, his rose bud bride,
Was gazing with a swelling heart, on this, his hour of pride!

But the shadowy night came down, at last—the glittering bow was gone,
One little hour of triumph was all the drop had won;
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his fairest treasure's love,
And he sought her sadly sorrowing—a cool-dimmed star of dew.

Choice Selections.

RATS OF THE CAPITOL.

Till the period of the Revolution, Paris possessed an ancient prison, more like a fortress than a jail, called the Grand Chatalet. This old structure was situated on one of the quays facing the Rue St. Denus, and was of imposing height and appearance. In the course of the terrible outrage of 1792, the Chatalet ceased to be used as a prison, and was partly demolished. The remainder, as national property, was sold to a private individual, in whose hands it remained till 1815, when the whole was cleared away to enlarge the adjoining square."

On taking possession of the edifice, the private proprietor just mentioned found that he was by no means to be the sole tenant of the building. The dungeons, vaults and many passages above and below the ground were discovered to be in possession of rats, to an extent beyond all power at calculation. In vain had the access to the lower caverns been built up, and other means adopted to free the upper apartments from the intrusion of these vile tenants: the family, on taking possession, beheld, to their dismay, whole legions of rats peering in upon them. Regardless of everything, and impelled by hunger, they filled the rooms, scouted the beds and other furniture, and scampered about with unconcern along the passages, and up and down the stairs.

M. Dubaste, the new proprietor, did not suffer this invasion without attempting a regular. His first plan was to buy a great number of cats, and these were let loose on the loe. A short experience proved the futility of the effort. The cats devoured what they killed, and therefore destroyed no more rats than they could eat. Besides, after a few days, the cats became disgusted with the occupation. They had eaten so many rats, that all relish for them was gone. Occasionally they would still amuse a few struggles, but the rats decided themselves to vigorously, that the cats were almost always vanquished.

As the war of attack ceased, the rats assumed their wonted confidence. Discovering, by experience, that the best times for visiting the family were during meals, they made their appearance regularly every day at breakfast and dinner, when, sitting down quietly near the table, they would wait patiently for some crumbs, seemingly expecting them as a right, which they took the trouble to pick up. Unable to repel these disagreeable guests, both masters and servants, tired of the continual warfare, came to the determination of cutting apart the rats' share. This quantity of scraps was also doomed to them each day, and strange to say, their depredations became less frequent, but, doubtless wishing to flaunt their entertainers for this kind proceeding, they appeared in greater numbers than ever at the usual hours; some of the more youthful led the old grey-headed rats with all the assurance of intimate acquaintances introducing their frie.ds.

One of their number, nearly white with age al ways walked slowly and heavily, taking care to pass as near as it could to a large cat, which was obliged to be content with raising its back and spitting, without daring to attack the offender. This rat was of an extraordinary size; the poor cat was, however, no coward, as was easily perceived from its being minus an ear, and having a dreadfully stained face; but poor Tom recognized such a dreadful adversary in this old patriarch, that he was willing enough to abuse him, but ventured no further.

The inhabitants of the Chatelet gave this rat the name of Gaspard, and he soon became familiar with his appearance, and came to look in the direction from whence he was called. M. Dubaste, having sent Gaspard several times, gave him the name of the "Knight of the Table."

Whenever one attempted to chase these strange visitors, it was always remarked that Gaspard retreated so slowly as—seemingly—to allow the others trusted much faster, if he had chosen so to do—and that his companions never lost sight of him, appearing always ready to defend and protect him, if necessary.

It was soon found to be perfectly useless to wage war against the rats, the vast numbers of which the available powers of destruction at defiance; their agility, as well as the danger of their bites, had completely discouraged the servants. Poison and traps obtained no better success than cats, and as great was their instinct, that they learned to detect poison, and instead away from the bait. The rats having learned wisdom by experience, attempted nought but a war of ambuscade, that was neither frequent nor successful enough to be of great service, and in which they often proved themselves less knowing than their enemies. To an Englishman it will appear somewhat remarkable that a few terrier dogs were not tried as an engine of extirpation; but a dog as the Scotch *Bully*, for example would probably have cleared the house in a week; but the French do not appear to possess that useful variety of the canine species at all events it was not thought of on the present occasion.

It would be amusing to detail all the plans absurdly attempted to quell the rats. At last time the inhabitants of the Chatelet succeeded in entering a number of them into a room where several tons of saltpetre and powder had been previously laid; they met with some success; but those who escaped having retained the memory of the smell, it was quite impossible to allure them a second time. They, however, had dreadful battles in the vaults amongst themselves, and when a victory was won, or a companion of mine long dead, the survivors regaled themselves on the dead and dying, by which means the nation was no doubt relieved in times of scarcity. Truly, if a method could have been found of benefiting discord amongst them, in order to raise civil war, it would have been the most efficacious means of destroying them.

It was long not the poor servant-maids could get over the terror they felt at the constant apparition of these animals; they were to be seen everywhere even creeping up on the chairs of the women and children, but running off at the slightest scream, never attempting to bite, if not attacked, although then was little danger. They evidently liked warmth, as they would lie down quietly under the blankets, on the beds, and even beside the sleepers but at the same not forbidden, the only harm they did was to cause alarm and disgust.

The final demolition of the Grand Chatelet at once dispersed this extraordinary colony of rats. Turned out of their ancient homes, they fled to the surrounding streets, and endeavored to find a lodgment in the houses. The inhabitants, however, were on their guard, and many were killed. There was some thing almost melancholy in the fate of these poor creatures. Shut out from human habitations, great bands of them wandered about like emigrants seeking a settlement, and were fain to take refuge on the banks of the Seine, and in the common sewers of the city. Little by little they disappeared; and it is believed that many found shelter and food in some large grocery stores at the corner of the Rue St. Denis; with what satisfaction to the owners, we are unable to say.

THE WATER CURE.

A victim at Scattlebrough gives the following humorous account of the treatment at the water cure establishment there. It is decidedly pleasant to imagine, especially of a mid-winter's day.

A feeble young man leaves his home and the luxuries and comforts of a doting mother or fond wife, and comes here away North among the hills to seek the will-o'-wisp angel of health—to offer sacrifice to the stomach-god and his liver pot in order After a night's dubious repose, or rather in the midst of a night's dreamy watch, he dreams of formula of home and the maternal coffee and toast that await his wakening, the door of his chamber opens, and in walks the grim shaggy hair and beard and hungry scare, who shakes the slumberer and rouses him with the hollow spoken words, "Your bed is ready." Is ready, is ready, no more, without the pollysses of asking, "Are you ready for your bath?" As inexorable as fate he stands, while the miserable victim of his charge is shown to the rooms of fiendish shields hideskirting nerves from the chill air through the open window.

The tormentor then strips the bed and spreads first a blanket, and then over it a thick sheet just wet in water forty-six degrees Farenheit. Upon this thin shrieking, shrinking patient, with his whole surface in a state of gooss flesh-ickmen, extends his length, and feels himself instantly enveloped in its clammy folds. Then the blanket after blanket is laid over and tucked in, till he takes the form and has somewhat the feeling of an Egyptian mummy, save dead and cold. Then comes a head rest, and wrap pad up for the tomb. He is then left to his own reflections and the reactive powers of nature. He considers that if the building should take fire he would probably, in his helpless condition, be roasted alive, and makes up his mind that he would not mind a roasting much, provided it were in a warm fire. Soon, however, nature rallies her forces, and the blood rounds are in excited action. First, the surface of the body becomes warm, then the sheet, then every things is bustled to the steaming point. First there comes a most soothing, sweet and heavy softening sensation, in which he again falls asleep, and dreams of Paradise and a bed of rose leaves.

"Ah, whome is that spectre that pulls of the clothes, the wicked wretch and spinal that ever came into me?"

It is the same hard-hearted villain as before, who, without ever designing a single word, throws off blanket after blanket, and comfortable after comfortable, till only one envelope is left, when he seizes him by the shoulders, lifts him out of bed, puts on his slippers, feet on a pair of slippers, throws a blanket over the head and says, "follow me." With one eye open, as docile as a lamb led to sacrifice, following like a fool and looking just like Lazarus coming out of the grave, he goes slip-shod down stairs, stark himself in a tank of water at seventy-two, where a bucket full is poured over him, and two rough hands rub him well—" But that is nothing—that ain't."

Before him is the terrible plunge bath, fourteen feet by twenty, and four or four and a half deep. To jump in is as clear that it seems only a task of air with a slight emerald tinge. Vain imagination! That liquid is as real as rock and cold as the dungeon's extract of icebergs, and cuts of the coldest mortal—most you plunge. He here gives one splash and he rises to the top, he gasps, he's dry rub long with a sheet, and he is clothed quickly by a walk, and he struts forth to meet the sun, with nerves braced up to such a pitch that he cares not what he meets.

Over hill and through dell he presses that with all vigour, till presently the reaction is complete, and he feels as if he had swapped himself away for another man. If he has even the humblest knowledge of wheeling, he puts it in practice, for desire, along meditating, the first half of the walk upon the beauties of nature, and the latter half on the probable quantity of breakfast required to satisfy an appetite that has become more shark-like than human.

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

Mesmerism has progressed another step in its development!

A Mlle. Prudence is exhibiting in London the effect of what she calls mesmerism. Dressed like a draped statue, with a classic wreath round her head, and sitting upon a raised platform, she is mesmerized and then thrown, by magnetic passes, into any attitude, and in fact made to act any dramatic part that (by chance) that may be called for and found to the mesmerizer in writing. In most cases, of course, the thing succeeds! but in one instance she was requested to represent the "Triumph of Cæsar." the mesmerizer was puzzled—never having heard of such a general and knowing nothing of his victory! So, in other cases, indifferent success quite sufficient to show the whole affair is simply a piece of trickery—but how clever, and we should think infinitely less amusing, than those of a common juggler.

A woman at Paris also professes to describe the exact character of disease, and prescribes remedies for it, by simply examining a lock of the patient's hair, no matter how far off the patient may be. She sits all day in a twilight room, with a physician at hand to write her prescriptions in due form, and visitors throng to her from all parts of the world.

ANECDOTE OF HUME.

This distinguished philosopher was one day passing along a narrow footpath which formerly winded through a boggy piece of ground at the back of Edinburgh Castle, when he had the misfortune to meet a lady and a drab face to face. Observing a woman approaching, he civilly requested her to send him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation; but she, mistaking the generous place of public gaiety, and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in streets, or by ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate, or lead their persons, go for nothing, so he was hurried on by the crowd without answer. "Where and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at dancing assemblies, balls, dances and lectures are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which irresistibly attract the hearts of the fair to the bauble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though trifling, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burrell, Esq., of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was declining, was ordered by his physicians to go to Spa, for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only accidentally met their father would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection around, would feel for his infirmities, and be attending to his ease and comfort: they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a matter of consequence with them what items to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles: they were sorry part of their father's company, and never stirred from home except to attend him, either to take the air, or drink the waters: in a word, they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town by the count of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured them those amiable names the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a claim. They all were married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Berkeley, another to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards to the Marquis of Exeter, and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is but justice to them to say that they reflected honor on their rank rather than received any from it.

Our Scrap Book.

WHAT A MERCHANT SHOULD BE.

A merchant should be an honorable man. Although a man cannot be an honorable man without being an honest man, yet a man may be strictly honest without being honorable. Honesty refers to pecuniary affairs; honor refers to the principles and feelings. You may pay your debts punctually, you may discharge every obligation, and yet be dishonorable. You act dishonorably when you give your correspondents a worse opinion of your rivals in trade than you know them deserve. You act dishonorably when you sell your commodities at less than their real value, in order to get away your neighbors' customers. You act dishonorably when you purchase at higher than the market price, in order that you may raise the market upon another buyer. You act dishonorably when you depend on commodation bills, and pass them to your banker for discount, as if they arose out of real transactions. You act dishonorably in every case where your external conduct is at variance with your real opinions. You act dishonorably, if, when carrying on a prosperous trade, you do not pay your servants and assistants, through whose exertions you obtain your success, to participate in your prosperity. You act dishonorably, if, when you become rich, you are unmindful of the favors you received when poor. In all these cases there may be no violation of positive law, but there is dishonor; but it is dishonorable conduct.—*Gilbert—Lectures on Ancient Commerce.*

A ROYAL SQUABBLE.

The quarrels among the young wives of the Royal Family get into the papers, nobody, of course, knowing how much is true. Recently the Duchess of Montpensier, lately made a demonstration to take precedence of the other wives of the Princes of Orleans on the ground that she is the sister of a Queen, and Infanta of Spain. Great row immediately. The Princess of Joinville put in, at a better angle for precedence, that she is the daughter of an Emperor. The Duchess D'Aumale stuck up for her rights as a niece of the King of Naples, and of the blood of the Bourbons. As for me, said the blonde Duchess de Nemours, "I am the wife of the future Regent of France, and since the death of Queen Victoria I am the first lady in the circle, I take her place as the wife of the eldest son." The Queen was called in to settle the dispute, and, in spite of the Salique law, decided, at last, was obliged to resort to his usual mode of setting his family quarrels—crossing his hands behind his back, and striking up a royal song, beginning *Dieit Dominus Domino*, from the Latin prayer book.

CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

The attention of every mother should be given to the state of her child's feet. How much suffering, much pain, distortion and lameness, might be spared if a little consideration were given in time to the child's shoes and boots. As a general rule, if proper length and width are given, all will be well; but this must be seen to frequently, as little feet soon grow larger.

If shoes are worn, they should be easy across the toes, and of good form in the sole, hollow and arched, the heel wide, and sung at the heel—if boots, then the elastic the same at ladies.

If the ankles are weak, a surgeon should be consulted without delay. I have benefited many girls of low by making an elastic lace boot, which, from the support it affords, compressing the muscles of the ankle, will keep it strong. I have had instances of the most enormous swelling of the feet, has prevented the feet, has prevented the feet and ankles to their natural form.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A HINT TO EMIGRANTS.—We overheard, not many days ago, the following conversation between a waster builder and a day laborer

"Why don't you work?"

"Why, I can work for a dollar a day, or seventy-five cents a day, or fifty cents a day, or twenty-five cents a day. When I works for a dollar a day, I works. When I gets only a half or a quarter, I don't work."

The man of hods and shovels was put on a dollar per day silverware.

Army Song.

STANZAS.

FROM THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE.

[The subjoined verses were written by Capt. Pastes the evening before the battle of Cerro Gordo. In that successful Capt. Pastes was severely wounded in leading the storming column, under a storm of grape. He has learned last sending.]

Oh! let us sleep awhile to-night,
Our weary limbs are sore,
To-morrow brings the dolorous fight,
Beyond—and we may never be more;
Beneath the starless heaven lying

From are the hearts and strife which dare,
And hands strong nerved to meet the foe,
And then not arm shall do its deed
To strike until the hour shall come,
With lioness fired with mortal glow.

And purpose for the combat rage,
And stiffing upon a raised platform; she is mesmerized and then thrown, by magnetic passes, into any attitude, and in fact made to act any dramatic part that (by chance) that may be called for and found to the mesmerizer in writing. In most cases, of course, the thing succeeds! but in one instance she was requested to represent the "Triumph of Cæsar." the mesmerizer was puzzled—never having heard of such a general and knowing nothing of his victory! So, in other cases, indifferent success quite sufficient to show the whole affair is simply a piece of trickery—but how clever, and we should think infinitely less amusing, than those of a common juggler.

Our strength to-night is weak;
Our weary limbs are sore,
To-morrow brings the dolorous fight,
Beyond—and we may never be more;
Beneath the starless heaven lying
From are the hearts and strife which dare,
And hands strong nerved to meet the foe,
And then not arm shall do its deed
To strike until the hour shall come,
With lioness fired with mortal glow.